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EPARTMENT

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Wool Dress Fabrics.

Every conceivable weave of fabrics displayed, guaranteed to please the most fastidious or economical

buyer. We have arrayed Henrietta, Serges, Bourette, Hortense, Brilliantines Mixtures, Tricot, Habit

Cloths, Ladies' Cloth, Broadcloth, Paids in sombre and bright combinations, Novelty Stripes, Shepherd

The selection in this line embraces all foreign specialties. Examine our leaders below:

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20 inch peau de soie, \$1.50; good value, \$2.25.

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Our Stock LADIES' ROBES, BLACK AND COLORED SILKS

21 inch gros grain, 95c.; good value, \$1.50.

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50 robes, boncle and momie mixed, new colorings.

50 robes, Henrietta and novelty silks, rich combines.

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50 robes, Soudah cloth, biddare silk stripe front, all colors, an extreme novelty. 50 robes, English cheviot combines, elegant texture, plaid and check combinations.

50 robes, super Henrietta novelty combines, embroidered sleeves, vest and collar. 50 robes, Astrachan bordered combines, novelty effects, the latest.

50 robes, embroidered robes, tinsel flowers, shaded sleeves, very nobby.

Colored Silks.

This department is brimful of all extreme Paris an novelties-no two effects alike-solds, stripes, broéades, checks, plaids—a suberb collection.

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20 inch faille, \$1.00; good value, \$1.75

--- AND----

CLARA BELLE.

A Company to Supply Trained Waltzers in Numbers to Suit.

New York Society Girls Addicted to Cocktails, Absinthe and Champagne. Marriage Saves a Man

A flox of Candy Given to a Wife by Her Lawin Husband Leads to a Divorce Suit-Kisses that Ware Not Sweet-

(Copyrighted, 1970.) NEW YORK, Sept. 2, 1890.



HE last quection at Newport for the sum-mer, actually, is whith-er a young lady may scratch her fool where a mosquite has bitten it. Of course there is no doubt of the propri-cty of her doing so in privacy, or with a toe belied the certain of hor skirts, but may she reach down with her hand, before men folks, and exact with her fitching cuttled? Some of the nicest daughters of wealth and fashion

chines -for such they will be-will be furnished at certain rates. They will make their appearance in exquisitely next and fashiciable attire, and he placed in groups here and here in the ha i rooms, they will not be permitted to speak to their fair patiers, and after using will be returned to their place, like a file of newspapers. This arrangement will free the boys from the servitude of the walls and german and enable them to retire to the smoking and card rooms whenever the notion takes them. There will be no such thing as exhausting these hired dancers, and the young latics will be able to revei in the poetry of metion.

Is New York a health, place in which to bring Is New York a health, place in which to bring up young gir at. This is a question that agitaved a group of hardy and series, as wa I street men at a small luncheon in Broad street one day this week. A gray-haired gentleman, who is still very much is the ring in the way of a beau, suswered it, and I wish to say, by way of preface, that the sirl he described is an extreme case. Most of us are well beingved, thank goodness, and the bold belle is the rare exception. It is a healthy town for the physical girl, "said he, "but it I counted on bringing up a daughter of mine to be a triumph of morality. I would not let her they in the place one month out of the whole year. I will give you an instance of its effects on the youthful mind. Two weeks ago my niece, the daughter of Jamison, yame to town from Newport. You all know Jamison for a fine man, don't you? His wife, who is my sister, is a woman of the church and her views on all subjects appertaining to moral-

me to take my niece out to laucheon and to see her to the train taking her back to Newport. When I ask of her what she would have to cat I give you my word that I expected her to say bread and milk. There was a bread and milk sweetness in the expression of her face and her eyes were towine in their demureness. Imagine the amazement when the young creature asked for a deviled cab and an absinthe frappee. I could have recognized the crab part of her order, but the absinthe feature of it singered me. I asked her, in apparently carcless tones, if she was necustomed to drinking absinthe and she replied that ever sing clearning to imbite it ayear before she had been unable to break herself of its be iclous spell. Py clever management I prevailed upon the gir, to take champagne instead, but when she accepted this sure stute for her favorite betwence, she insisted upon having a whishy cocktail as Manjetizer. After luncheon I refrained from ordering my regular pony of transic has me my ment of a received and her was the means of a received and the series of the favorite betwence the last of a received and the means of a received and the series of a received and the series of the ser whishy cocktail as an a; petizer. After luncheon I refrained from ordering my regular pow of brandy, just in the way of a good example to her, but she was on land, you may be are, and reminded me that I had forgotten something when I was calling for my bill-she had her brandy and then I conducted her to the train. There I found a troop of young fellows, and they all knew my nince most intimately. One of them proposed that an excursion he made to a hotel across the street for a bottle of wine, as the train did not leave for fitteen minutes. When my niece reluctantly discouraged this proposition she took a small since flagon from her pocket and offered it to the discousolate youth that had made it. Upon moscrowing the cap of the flagon and sniffing it the eyes of the young man brightened, and he granget on the surrounding air. After getting

"That's a big loke on Cyril," I heard several "That's a big joke on Cyril." I heard several of my friends make this remark to each other, and I determined at last to institute inquiries as to what that big joke was, even if I were reproved for my femiune curiosity. Well, it seems that Cyril, who is what the boys call a "jolly good fellow" and a tremendous eater, had been increasing in weight so rapidly that his doctor limited him to a cup of coffee and roll for breakfast, as pain chony for luncheon and a

his doctor limited him to a cup of coffee and roll for breakfast, a pain chop for limcheon and a little thin soup and a roast for dinner. "Conform or take the consequences!"

"But, doctor," pleaded Cyril, "if I mayn't eat let me die. Is there really no be'n for me?" "Yea," replied the learned Esculapius; "yet married. Your meals are too serious, "yet married. Your meals are too serious, You don't take enough while eating. It's too much a business with you. Get married; and I'll be easier with you."

Cyril didn't let the grass grow under his feet. He took unto himself a wife be'ore the mon and filled her horns. The prescription worked admirably. The lady was very intelligent, and, under the guidance of the physician, delayed

had filled her horns. The prescription worked admirably. The lady was very intelligent, and, under the guidance of the physician, delayed the courses of the dinner, sient a quarter of an hour preparing the salad, and often sent things back to be cooked over. She beat Sheherasade all ho low. She had a story for every dish. Dinner lasted two hours, and Cyril was hungry again by the time coffee was reached. He began to fret under the big anecdotes and small portions. It was all wind pudding to him. He longed for an old time meal, at which he used to leave nothing but the bones of a two-pound porterhouse. Marriage was a failure, a dismal failure. Up to this time he had never known that he had a liver. Now he was made aware of the fact. The long stories and endless tales about nothing were having a bad effect upon his liver. He looked yellow and bitious. He wasn't the same, jolly good feilow. He lost fiesh visibly, and his skin almost flapped in the wind as he rounded the corner of Wail and Broad. He was a changed man. Cyril now suffers from dyspepsia in its worst to read worst on the worst of the

ting what comfort he can out of a slice of gra-ham bread and a glass of ho milk.

This is the "big joke" on Cryll, and it all goes to prove that marriage is in some cases a melancholy faiture. However, the doctor chuckles and says: "Cyril, I savei you, for a living dyspeptic is better than a dead apoplep-tic." You wouldn't imagine, would you, that a box

town and Fanny had taken up the morning pa-per she opened it to enjoy her favorite dish-ths goasip of the day served with French can-dies. But look! Her lips part, and her eyes cloud. She has found something in that box of sweets which ought not to be there. What think you? A love letter? A tender message 'o some fair rival? No; only Clarence's visiting card. But that was quite enough. The truth dawned upon the mind of that little woman with lightning rapidity. 'There must have been two boxes of candy,' she whispared hoursely; "two boxes, and by mistake this box has been brought home to me. Oh, what a wretched woman I am!"
It was true as holy writ. Woman's institution

It was true as holy writ. Woman's institution had gone to the bed rock of truth like a diamond drill. Six months later the papers were served in due form of law. On, what a bitter plli was in that box of sweets!

In that bor of sweets?

Could the handsome singer who, in dainty satin, powdered wig, and with such pink cheeks and shapely mouth, makes love to and wins the heroine of the opera, ever be anything that is not sweet an kissable! I'll warrant that the impressionable matinee girl, who hangs so delightedly upon his atterances, does not believe so. And wet the fair thing is not always delicious, as a little speedote that I will marrate can prove.

tan prove.

There is a little love of a comic opera lady in There is a little love of a comic opera lady in town with whom the whole community is in complete sympathy. She is as dainty as a Dresden china figure and sings with the fresh vigor of a bird. As she receives the devotion of the tenor in the opera all the club men in the audience heave envious sighs, for she seems to exigor the little kisses that the fortunate man bestows upon her cheek, and the club men think that it must be zery folly to carses a beauty that

ence neave envious signs, for any security of the lift's kisses that the fortunate man bestows upon her cheek, and the club men think that it must be very folly to carces a beauty that receives marks of advantion in such a responsive spirit. Viewed from the front the kisses of the tenor seem highly agreeable things of their kind, and the mailose girls fancy that they could be as charming and radiant as the exquisite actress if that handsone young man were only exercising upon their cheeks instead. Behold the truth of the case. Only a few days ago the tenor received a pretty little note from the fair artist. It read as follows:

DRAR MR. BLANK—I sincerely trust that by mentioning a most delicate grievance that I have against you I shall not hurt your feelings. Being brought into close contact with you by the exigencies of our parts in the opera, I am forced to suffer sever by from the odor of garlic, for which species of refreement you appear to have a perpetual fondness, its aroma never having been absent from you since your first appearance with me. I have refrained as long as possible from speaking to you of the matter, having hoped that you would branch off upon another article of diet, but as there appears no promise of your doing so, and as a continuation of garlic will ultimately exhaust me and run my art, I am compelled to call your attention to the inconvenience that you create, begging you to henceforth graffly your appetite for garlic after and not before the evening performances. I am the last person in the world to wish to deprive you of a favorite dish, but it has reached a point when the garlic is stronger than my physical fortitude, and therefore it will be necessary for you to forego the pleasure of consuming it at dinner. Yours sincerely.

The tenor being a good natured man, aston-ished the pretty singer the very next evening by coming to the theater, not only without his cus-tomary fragrance, but redolent of a choice scen-of mignometre, he having coplously sprinkled his handkerchief and wig with that grateful ex-tract.

While Lilly Langtry, the lady of the peerless While Lilly Langtry, the lady of the peerless neck, is in Paris, rejoicing, so it is reported, amid luxury lawished upon her by an English lord, her whilom adorer, handsome Freddy Gebhard, is bathing in snow white at Narragans: tr Pier, and is naturally acenter of attraction for all the gay girs at that resort. Gebhard is shaped like a Greek god, and can swim like a dolphin, and as he has anaken off for good and all the shackes that bound him to the English ac ress he is quite a desirable partint in the matrimo ial market. He is reported engages to a brauteous lady known somewhat familiarly as "the widow O'Donnell." Mrs. O'Donnell is smaller, dainter and prettier than said he, "bet if I counted on brincing up a daughter of mine to be a triumph of uncality." I counted the whole year. I will give you an intended in the whole year. I will give you an intended here a strong favorite with the lightest year of the work from Newport. You all known would lead to a divorce suit? Yet such is the case. All the world thought workers ago my piece, the change to town from Newport. You all known women envised his plain-looking little helpmeet. Charence to be most happily married, and the world thought can be a trong favorite with the light-est young bloods of the town, whom where the world thought can be a trong favorite with the light-est young bloods of the town, whom where the world the world the world were also specified.

Canton, Were also predict than Langtry, and her dash and animal viget has a strong favorite with the light-

ber to take my niece out to lancheon and to see the frain taking her back to Newport. When I ask of her what she would have to eat I give you may word that I expected her to say bread and milk. There was a bread and milk to be worded by the expension of her face and her to say bread and milk. There was a bread and her to say bread and her to s ances produced a delicious remaiton. Her bare arms are lifted with a gesture of costacy over her head, and her skirt, what there is of it, is blowing sideways as though it comprehended the yearning of the spectator. Near her are a group of young men, including Freeddy Gebhard, all with their eyes is atened upon the palpitating and shapely figure of the fair widow. A gull is circling near by, and it seems as though it had its head bent in such a way that the bewitching picture made by Mrs. O'Donnell should not be lost. Mrs. Lingtre, photographed as Rosalind, rested through many seasons on Mr. Gebhard's dressing table, but now it is replaced by a farmuse bewilder ng portrait—that of the lively widow in her ta ning dress. There is really a serious discussion nowadays among the young men of the Kuickerbocker club, not to speak of the older fellows of the union, of the question of men of the Knickerbocker clab, how to speak ou the older fellows of the union, of the question of Mrs. O'Donnell marrying Gebbard. It will be, they say, a perfect festival of joy for Gebbard, but a series of funerals for themselves. All they will have left to brighten the dismit earth will be that photograph of the widow in a bath-ing soit.

CLABA BELLE.

Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of digestive organs. Dr. Biegert's is the only genuine. At all druggists.

Among the best customers for Swiss watches are the United States, although the industry is largely developed in Germany takes about 17,-000,000 francs' worth of Swiss watches annually, Great Britain 13,000,000 worth and France 6,500,000 worth,

If you attend the auction sale of lots at Aransas Harbor, Sept. 12 and 13, you will find the coolest spot in the

A case is reported in an Australian medical paper of a woman who, on taking a dose of chlorodyne for the relief of pain. soon after suckled her twin babies. The children were found the following morning profoundly narcotized and died be-

fore evening.

Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Judge J. H. McLeary, ex-attorney-general of
Texas and past grand master of Masons, says;
"It (Hed-Ake) is the best medicine for headache
J ever saw." Cures any headache. For sale
all druggists, 50c.

Robert Webster is sixty-seven years old and lives in South Haven. A short time ago he married, but he lived with his wife only twenty-four hours. August 4 he secured a divorce, and in less than twentyfour hours had taken out a license to marry another woman.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children feething, soothes the child, softens the gome, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is she ness remedy for diarrhom. 25 cents a bottle.

Dueling being no longer obligatory in the French army, it looks as if civilians might be less punctilious about observng the rules of the code. The present ministry is doing its best to discountenance the practice.

Henry Frozer of Caernarvon, Pa., tobacco grower, encountered a large copperhead snake and killed it. The reptile was cut open, when thirty-five young snakes made their debut, and

19 inch armure, \$1.25; good value, \$2.00.

Venice a Nice Place to Live, but Dream-Like and Unreal.

A Pauper Venetian Prefers His Pauperism in Venice to a First-Class Situation Elsewhere.

Venetian Art Galleries and Criticisms of the Artists' Work-Tintoretto the Greatest of Painters-

Special Correspondence of the Cazette. VENICE. June 15, 1890. "Underneath day's azure eyes Ocean's nursling. Venice lies: A peopled labyrinth of walls, Amphitrite's destined hall.

With his blue and gleaming waves."

DERAMLIKE AND UNERAL.

Venice would utterly spoil one for living anywhere else in the world if it were not all so dreamlike and unreal. It is so easy to live here to slip around in gondolas, to float and drift. How can a Venetian preserve any sort of stiffening in his moral backbone? Yet he is a very comfortable sort of fellow. We do enjoy living in a place, or rather water, where nobody is ever in a norry. These lary, good-natured gondoliers lying around the piers in picturesque groups always have time to show you a street, or tell you the probabilities if the weather, such of the gondoller's employment is taken away now by the steamer which runs the whole length of the Grand canal, and is much quicker a id cheaper than a gondola. The steamer is to the gondola what the street car is to the cabuna. In fine weather the gondoliers are quite spruce In fine weather the gondoliers are quite spruce in their white linen trousers and white straw hats, but what a mournful sight they were the

In fine weather the gondoliers are quite spruce in their white linen trousers and white straw hats, but what a mournful sight they were the other day in the rain!

The hideous hearse-like tops were put on the boats, und there beside them stood the gondoliers, arrayed for the occasion in odds and ends of old duds, some few with hattered rubber coats on, but not an umbrella.

No connection with the history of Venice. This glorious marble city, built where only strength could stand, suggests a warlike, active, high-spirited race; and, after studying the pictures of Carpaccio, it is easy to people the grand canal with noble, goldeb-haired matrons and fiery knights, full of religious real; to imagine the lagoon full of war ships, their rows of oara beating the water, like fins, and to think of doges in that rose-veined ducal palace. And thin the painter of Venice, who took the colors of her myriad tinted seas, the richness and warmth of her miense vitality, and fusing it all with the golden tint on her fun, transferred it to canvas! Ah, they were a grand people, those old Venica on the ducal palace. But the race that wrote that has passed on, and without it, Venice herself is but an empty shell on the shore; her sun has set, and in the soft, faded afterglow, she seems but an exquisite vision.

We have moved from the Riva to the Pension Anglaise on the Grand canal. The Riva has such a broad promenade, that, looking down from our windows, we could not realize we were in Venice; so we moved to this excellent situation opposite the church of Santa Maria della Salute, where there is no sidewalks and no passing except of softly gliding gondolas.

NAMED TO SUIT THE READE.

It is amusing to notice how the names of hotels are manufactured so as to attract the most guests. This is the "Hetel Milan and the Pension Anglaise: and if you want a hotel this is a hotel, and if you want a peculian, and a terrace right on the canal where we set of an evening and listen to the music from the little boats hung with Chinese lanterns that

down. Most often, however, we float around ourselves over the shining dark water out toward the public garden, from whence Venice gleams like a crescent of light, throwing long, trembling fringes of light in the water. The delight of a gondola is that you do not see the motive power, the gendoler stands behind; the brautiful, graceful bark seems to move of its own gracious will and to be hearing you away in a dream into some lovely vision land, you know not what, and care not where. One evening, however, we got a different effect. It was before the glow of sunset had faded; the thin edge of a new moon and the pale glory of Venice were in the west as we sailed through a little waterway, past the white loviness of Santa Muria della Salue out among the dark moored hulls of the Gindecca, and the rigging or many shins tangled against the sky. Through another mysterious little cinal, and all at once we were tengled against the say. Through another mys-terious little cunal, and all at once we were alone—shut off from ship or boat and from all the gay lights of the city, for we were out in the open lagoon. We turned to look back toward the west and saw the grazeful figure of our gon-doller with his long our outlined black as ink-against the pale pink sky; all around was a strateful or tutunism seat.

21 inch satin de lyon, \$1.10; good value, \$1.75.

24 inch surah, 90c.; good value, \$1.50.

against the pair pink say; at a round was as not a sound but the soft spinsh of that one black our. We watched the condoiler, swinging and swaying on the high curving stern, fascinated. Where was he guiding us, this strange black shade? What lay beyond the rose flushed sca? Whither pointed Venus' long, quivering reflection?

Whither pointed Venus' long, quivering reflection?

Of scourse we promenade around in St. Marks' square when the band plays of an evening, and we enjoy seeing the Venet'ans enjoy it. Easdecker says one fourth the population are paupers; but these are lucky paupers that live in Venice! If the Venetian pauper has no house and but little to eat, he has music and lights and gaiety. When the full electric light is turned on in these shops of Venetian class around the plazza, and they gleam like polished rainbows; when the lights blaze from the cates, the music plays and the crowd streams round and round, I don't believe there is a pauper who and round. I don't believe there is a pauper who would exchange his pauperism in Venice for a first-class situation anywhere else.

first-class situation anywhere else.

I like the plazza best, however, in the day time, when St. Mark glows like a jewel at one end, and the pigeons are promenading in flocks on the payement. Dearthings, they know the TOURIST IS THUR BEST PRIBAD!

They come pratting up to your very feet, cocking their heads on one side and looking up in the property of the control of the payer three-connered.

on the pavement. Dear things, they know the TOURIST IS THIME BEST PRIMED!

They come pratting up to your very feet, cocking their heads on one side and looking up interrogatively to see if you have a three-cornered brown paper packet in your hand. If you have already bought one for a penny of the old man at the flag-staff, you sloop down and open the paper; here they come flying, gray, white and brown wings, to light at your feet, on your hand, and in your lap! They are probably pigeons who have taken refuge here when let loose from the churches on Palls Sunday, but it is said, too, that Doge Dandolo had them brought to the church and provided for them, in accordance with an oath he had made when a carrier dove brought him an important message on a battle field. For a long time the pigeons were a state institution, supported by the public, but now they are pauper pigeons, dependent upon charity, and i doubt not, the fattest paupers in the world. Their nests are up amongst the golden-winged angels, and the filigree stone-work of the church, and I expect that some of the gift which belonged on the backs of the famous brough to be some work of the church, and I expect that some of the gift which belonged on the backs of the famous brough the seems like a dove, a great, brooding.

It has the soft, dove color and the brilliant, illustre coloring of a dove's neck. Then again, it has seemed to me like a nile of clouds, rolled up into domes, with a sneet colors on them. St. Mark buts all ideas of other architecture and of other churches out of my head. It is alone, it is individual, it is a ningue and perfect idea. What is more, St. Mark is religious. There is no doubt it was built as the outco me of a deep, devotional spirit, for it seems sanctified through and through, and it is imnoushile to enter it without reverence. To me it expresses all that is highest and best in the Bomain religion: it is a mother church, sumptimously magnificent, but with a richness, too, does not consist of superficial ornamentation, but is

and gleaning oriental alabasters. I was sitting in the church once, into in the afternoon, gazing dreamily up into a dark corner near the doue, where the gold gleaning family in the diament, when anddenly a single ray of sun light strack through some unseen window above, right into the corner where my eyes were fixed, and there in a hole of golden light, stood a white argil by the rail of the organ loft, with enowy wings outstread, I knew it was only a messic angel. lighted up by a ray of smulght, but it seemed like a vision.

We are enowing the Venetian not account of the corner discount.

We are enjoying the Venetian art exceedingly.

Beilini's exquisite Madana art exceedingly. Beilini's exquisite Madonass, T striking, mythical conceptions, golden baired beauties, and Titian's golden bared beauties, and I lish's marrielous coloring. Thisan's masterpiece, The Assump-tion, is a picture that anyone can appreciat. How can a man out plain co or miles deep on to canvasy Yet the golden glow which surrounds the cloud-borne figure of the Virgin seems to fill

carans, tea the gone of the Virgin seems to fill all space, and you can never see to the bottom of it. The apturned face of the Virgin, with its atomic seems, and you can never see to the bottom of it. The apturned face of the Virgin, with its atomic seems to the simple, child-like face of most Madonnas, but astrong face, full of meaning, such as belongs to a rich and ripened nature. One would like to whe out the top of the nicture which represents God, the Fallier, holding out his hands, but the circle of sweet cherubs who float around the cloud beneath the Virgin are irresistibly charming, and the excited, existing attitudes of the apostler below are most effective, another picture here that has impressed me deeply is Tintoretto's masterpiece. The Crucifixion. We have seen 100 representations of this subject, but this painting, like all of Tintoretto's, is atterly unique in conception. You enter a little room of a large gallery, and there sit down in awe, for the crucifixion seems actually taxing place before you. All nature

of this subject, but this painting, like all of Tintopetto's, is atterly unique in conception. You enter a little room off a large gallery, and there sit down in awe, for the crucifixion seems actually taking a larce before you. All nature looks dulled and deadened; the very sap of the earth life atops its flow: the air seems heavy and ashen gray; the halo about the central figure on the cross seems faded. There is a general hurry and site of many figures, critiques governed figures, mocking figures, frightened figures, one old Phantsen on houses hack points to the crosa with a sneering finger; those who understand the scene are explaining it to strangers, but all seem depressed by a something mysterious and unnatural in the atmosphere. Only those phelematic old Roman soldiers are unaffected by it; they are busy—hard at work raising the third cross with the thef on it; the ground is rough and the thief heavy. In the back ground is an ass calmy munching away, on what? You strain your eyes in the dimness, and see that the pile where the assis eating is of faded paim branches, the withered remnants of that one earthly triumph, the entrance into Jerusalem. And in the midst of all the hastle and noise (you can almost hear those rough sodders shouting as they pull on the ropes to raise the cross) there is a little, silent group huddled together at the foot of the cross. Two are seated on the ground, but those two who knew and loved Him best, the Virgin and St. John, stand there watching, as if they could not take their eyes from Him, not even to grieve. How separate and apart they look, that little group? The face of Jesus is bent down, and in shadow. Wise Tintoretto's drawing is often at fault, and his coloring not good, but if a man teaches and inspires you with his brush what does it matter how he draws and colors? Ruskin calls Tintoretto the groatest of painters, not because he painted faultilessly, bit because he had the divine affatus in conception.

JESSIE CORINNE CHAMBERLIN.



For fic the Daily Gazerra will be sent one year, and also a copy of the original Webster's unabridged dictionary, liel pages, express charges prepaid to express office pearess the ubscriber.